Let's go You know it's baby, nigga (Oh Lord, Jetson made another one)

She wanna fuck with me but I don't got the time
I just hopped off a private plane and went and hopped on 85
Go call my chauffeur bitch, cause' I don't like to drive
We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibes

Fill em' with vibes
Get in the ride
And no, a nigga not blind
But I keep that stick and I'm firing
Ain't met a nigga in life
That's fucking with me
Say he did then he lying
We got so many vibes stuffed in the car
We can fuck them hoes six at a time
I make them hoes say that nigga so fine
Girl he got that D you can feel in yo spine
Yeah that's what they say about Baby
You know them bitches don't play about Baby
Baby should go run for president
Look what God did, took his time with me

Got a red and white hoe like a peppermint Pull up to the hotel, take the vibes in She gone fuck me and fuck on my brethren My brother and them Having three hoes in the king size I ain't finished yet, get another bitch Got her riding dick and screaming "He-hah" Make me proud girl, you a cowgirl She did a handstand, I'm like wow girl Got me fucking her upside down Yeah, we going dumb, say she wanna cum I'm looking like when? She looking like now Some mo' came in, say they want it too I tagged in my brother, bitch I'm out

I know

She wanna fuck with me but I don't got the time I just hopped off a private plane and went and hopped on 85 Go call my chauffeur bitch, cause' I don't like to drive We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibes

She wanna fuck on me but I don't got the time
I just hopped off a private plane and went and hopped on 85
Go call my chauffeur bitch, cause' I don't like to drive
We in suburban's back to back and we gone fill em' up with vibes

Look, let's get on a jet
Come give me some neck
She ain't picking up
And her nigga just called, she gone send em' a text
I don't need no doc
Bitch, you know I'm a dog

Better send me the vet Ever made you a million? I tell em' riddle me that Ain't offended me yet My bitch drink Bacardi I'm in this bitch feeling like Set Quarter-mill on my neck Over two on the crib Fo' hundred thou on the whip Dicking down yo lil' bitch I'm 'bout to go buy me a coupe Pull up, make the doors raise the roof Louis V army fatigue I'm 'bout with a pole like a troop Baby Ray Allen from three You leave me open, I'm shooting We like Martin and Pam at the hotel We kicking hoes out, get the boot These hoes catching bodies, they 'bout it We having new vibes in the lobby That's wherever we go ain't no problem I just told a bitch no, she was childish (Bye)

Pulled up like
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